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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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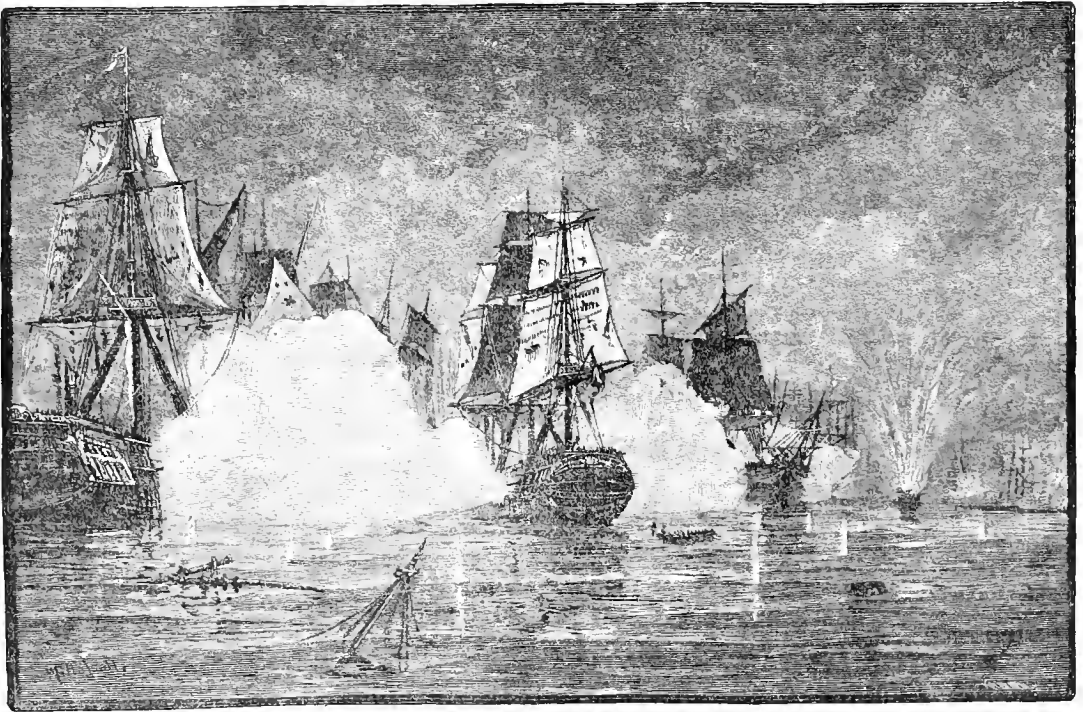
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A NOTABLE NAVAL CONFLICT.

THE battle of Trafalgar! Who has not heard or read of it? An engagement wherein British pluck and endurance won for England the mastery of the seas and humbled the fast increasing pride of the French and Spanish peoples. For some considerable

of history. His very name was such a terror to the enemy that though his force was scarcely more than half the size of the opposing one, the latter fled from him. He chased the enemy nearly half around the world, but was finally gratified on the morning of October 21st, 1805, in seeing the combined fleets preparing to meet him in open battle in the bay



THE ENCOUNTER.

time an immense fleet from France and Spain had menaced England and had sought to injure her commerce. In the early part of 1805, however, to that brave and energetic English admiral, Horatio Nelson was given the charge to protect the country's interests and maintain the supremacy of the navy. How faithfully he discharged his duty is now a matter

of Trafalgar on the south coast of Spain. The ships of France and Spain were under the direction of the French commander Villeneuve and two Spanish admirals, and were in number thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates and two brigs, while the British fleet consisted only of twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, one schooner and one cutter.

The largest of Nelson's ships carried thirty guns less than the largest vessel of his opponents. The battle was fierce and bloody. Vessels were fired and extinguished and being lashed to each other the soldiers and marines fought hand to hand until scarcely men enough remained alive through the struggle to keep the ships afloat. For England the result was glorious. The country was not disappointed in its expectation as expressed by the commander, "England expects every man to do his duty." From the admiral down everyone stood at his post without any other thought than that of victory. How complete was that victory! Nineteen of the enemy's ships were captured, others destroyed and the remainder barely escaped with colors struck. Thus was the power of France upon the seas annihilated. Still it was a sorrowful price which was paid for the triumph, for amid the thunder of his victorious guns the great English hero fell, and died as the result of the conflict was announced to him; and amid the rejoicings of success were heard the dismal wails of a nation bereft of its greatest naval commander.

Horatio Nelson, the hero of this and many other memorable naval engagements was a man of small frame and was of rather a sickly disposition, but his spirit was strong and fearless, and he was by nature fitted to be a leader among men. Entering the navy at the age of thirteen in a ship commanded by his uncle he was rapidly promoted until at the age of twenty-one he had attained the rank of post captain. His reputation of daring and skill rapidly grew, and when war began with France he saw the opportunity to prove himself a brave and efficient commander.

In 1793 he lost an eye in the siege of Calvi, Corsica, and in an expedition against Teneriffe his right arm was taken. In the battle of Copenhagen in 1801 he displayed his true nature. In the thickest of the fight he was signalled by his chief, Sir Hyde Parker, who at the distance from which he was viewing the struggle supposed that all was lost, to discontinue action. But when Nelson was in-

formed of this he impetuously shouted, "Damm the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." Had disaster been the result Nelson would have been disgraced for disobedience to orders, but the victory which followed only made him the more famous and he became almost the idol of his country.

Without the glory of his final and fatal battle his career thus far would have been one of great renown, but as is frequently the ambition of great generals he fell when fame was just placing upon his brow the brightest crown.

H. A. C.

FROM MOSCOW TO SIBERIA.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 319.)

IT IS easy to see that this prison is a sort of reform institution which the other prisons of Russia do not resemble, and that it is not used especially as a place of punishment, but as a place of temporary confinement for exiles. It is a sad day to the prisoners when they are to leave this prison and enter upon their weary journey, and a general depression of spirits is visible on this occasion. And, indeed, the unfortunates have ample cause for sadness, for now begins the sufferings of a long journey, at the termination of which the only prospect is to be forced to work in a cold and forbidding land; in view of this picture the days spent in the Central prison are looked upon in a much more pleasant light.

At an early morning hour the Siberian exiles are led through roundabout and unfrequented streets to the railway station, where, notwithstanding the secrecy of the move, a large crowd soon gathers: wives and children, relatives and friends press forward to bid farewell to the banished ones and among the curious callers assemble some kind-hearted people, who through the giving of alms to the condemned think to have performed a pleasing work to God.

Occasionally the most heart-rending scenes occur at the station. Within a chain stretched by soldiers the exiles are allowed to take leave of such relatives as may be present, but the respite is of short duration and soon the command is heard to board the train. The condemned now enter one of the many movable prisons which are designed to bring them after a journey of weeks to the far distant east. These are ordinary cars of the third class containing wooden benches, but the windows are barred and without glass, the latter partly for the obtaining of fresh air and partly as a precaution to prevent any desperate prisoner from breaking the window and thus securing a weapon with which it is possible to inflict dangerous wounds.

The exile train is then taken over the railroad which leads from Moscow past Vladimir and on the Nijni Novgorod where they are transferred to barges which have been prepared for them exclusively. These barges which are painted a bright reddish brown color are as large as the steamships which take them in tow, and at a distance are not to be distinguished from them. Only when they are approached can it be seen that they possess neither an engine nor wheels. On the deck is a superstructure of about eight feet high, on which the pilot and crew remain. On both ends of this raised deck are cabins for the accompanying soldiers and their officers, between which a narrow, dark hallway leads to a grated room, in which the prisoners closely crowded together lie upon the bare floor. In these barges the prisoners are taken down the Volga and then up the Kama to Perm, which distance, about fourteen hundred versts, (a verst is equal to about two-thirds of an English mile) is covered in five days and fifteen hours. In Perm there are prepared grated cars of the Ural railway, which convey in twenty-one hours the prisoners to Katherineburg (468 versts), and in eleven hours more to Tjumen (304 versts), where they for the first time tread on Siberian soil.

At Tjumen the barges are ready on which they are to journey down the Tura, Tobol and

Irtysch to Tobolsk. In the latter place they separate, a part of the exiles going up the Irtysch, but the greater number continuing the journey down the stream to Ob, and thence on this immense river still further to the east, until after a continuous voyage of ten days they arrive at the mouth of the Tom in close proximity to Tomsk. Again the ranks of the condemned are thinned: some remain in Tomsk, others go to Altai, and the remainder travel still further to the east.

From this point neither river nor railway relieves the weary travelers. Hundreds of versts must be made on foot. Those who possess sufficient means, however, can be relieved of this tiresome walk, and travel the distance under military guard, whose expenses he pays, in the mail coach. Formerly it was the privilege of everyone who was able to pay to travel from Moscow under special guard on any railroad or steamship, but this was abolished some years since and a military decree provided that any such privilege at the expense of the condemned would only be allowed where no conveniences for travel existed, but in other cases all should be alike.

An unbroken journey will enable one to reach Krasnojarsk and Irkutsk in four or five weeks, but generally the trip requires a much longer time. In Perm, Tobolsk and Tomsk, in each of which a large prison is located, the members of the exile train must often await their further trip for days and days, and only after months reach their destination. This weary march is made all the more oppressive from the fact that the sentence of the prisoner only begins on the day of his arrival at the place assigned him. To those condemned to life-long labor it is immaterial how long a time they spend on their way, but among all there is such a repugnance to the place of punishment that they have no great desire to reach it soon. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary that days of rest be occasionally allowed. The time is now past when cruel Cossacks drive the exhausted exiles forward at the spear's point, but even now the voyage on the barges is so severe that only

the strongest and those accustomed to hardships are able to endure it. The peasant class, reared in dirt and misery and from their childhood accustomed to trouble and want of all kinds, are in a condition to accommodate themselves to the new state of affairs, but behind the bars of the barges are to be found members also of the wealthier and more tender class. In the Moscow Central prison we found the political separated from the common criminals, but in Siberia and on the journey no such consideration is shown. To them the sentence means tenfold greater suffering than to the common prisoners, as never in their lives have they made such a tiresome journey. Exposed by day to the sun's blinding rays and at night to the piercing cold with very little clothing, and lying on the hard ground meagerly and poorly fed, and besides all this, locked in close cells with the outcasts of society—that is a fate almost more to be dreaded than the long years of banishment.

One who travels in the summer through Siberia has ample opportunity to observe the terrible misery on the prison barges, as these often lie side by side with the steamships at the various landing places. The place of confinement contains a division for men and one for women. In the latter are not only the female criminals to be found, but also such wives and children of exiles as follow them of their own free will to the far-off land. Here is a farmer's wife nursing a babe, while at her side hungry boys and girls clothed in rags recline on a few bundles which contain their earthly all; near by is the bold countenance of a hardened woman, who presses viciously against the iron grating, and then innocent faces that look up curiously at the traveler. The poor little creatures do not understand their position, they recognize not yet the chasm, which exists since the condemnation of the father, separating them from society. The picture here presented is one of heart-rending distress.

How different does it appear in the adjoining male department! The grating behind

which are seen strong forms and uneasy, sparkling eyes remind one of a cage of wild animals. It is an assorted mass of humanity—Russians, Tartars, Finns, Jews, Kalmucks—also an assortment of crimes attached to them. In addition to such whose sins and corruption are plainly visible in their countenances, are those who cannot be classed as criminals, but who in an unguarded moment of wild passion committed some deed of violence, one whom we recognize by his appearance and bearing as belonging to the wealthier and better educated class, and there a farmer whose very appearance indicates beyond a doubt that he could not be guilty of crime. In fact, he is not guilty. His only misfortune has been that in his village there were certain influential enemies who decided in a common meeting that he should be removed, and their decision that he should be banished to Siberia was soon followed by the actual fact. Such things occur not seldom in Russia; and it sometimes happens in these cases that the father passes judgment on the son, or the reverse, from fear that he himself will by a refusal to vote for the decided step be brought into a similar position and possibly be sent to the dreaded country.

The spectators of such a scene of misery as these barges present are filled with sorrow, which is made more intense by the scene of festivity and happiness which exists on the steamship. The night has come, and brilliant rays of light stream from the windows of the first cabin to the dark waters of the stream. From the prison barge in tow, which as a specter ship follows, no light is visible. Night encircles it, more dismal than the future of the mass of humanity which the barge contains.

Hermann Roskoschuy.

[*Translated from the German.*]

MEDITATION is to the sermon what the harrow is to the seed—it covers those truths which else might have been picked or washed away.

HIS MOTHER'S MONUMENT.

“ALL our best designs are here,” said Mr. C., the proprietor of the marble works. “This one, I think, is about the finest in the collection.” The gentleman with a fresh weed on his hat, who stood by his side in the small office, looked for a few moments at the design on the open page of the book which was spread out on the desk before him.

“I don’t like anything so elaborate as this,” the gentleman said. “The design on the bottom of the page pleases me better.”

“It is the same price, although it is not nearly as showy,” the marble cutter replied.

“I do not object to the price,” the gentleman rejoined. “It is a question of fitness. I like to have such a memorial correspond with the life and characteristics of the person for whom it is erected. My mother was a small, delicate woman, very quiet in her taste, ignoring anything that partook of display. These large, heavy designs would not be at all suitable. Yet I wish to have something costly, as I intend to put a large sum into the stone. It is the last thing we can do for our friends.”

The marble cutter turned over the pages of the book, but nothing seemed to meet the customer’s eye that exactly suited him. After a few moments of deliberation, he closed the book.

“I cannot decide today,” he said. “I must think over the matter a little before I give my order.”

He passed into the yard, the marble cutter following him, and calling his attention to the different varieties of material which were piled on both sides of the walk.

“Yes, I want a material that will be lasting,” he said. “It must not be of a kind that will grow black with age, or get weather-stained.”

The northwest wind blew a gust just then that made the man with the fresh weed on his hat shudder as he buttoned his overcoat up to his throat.

“There is no place on earth more chilling than a marble yard,” he thought, as he hastened into the street.

He had turned the corner, and was lost in the crowd of the busy city. He walked along in deep thought. It was very much harder than he supposed it would be to make a proper selection of a monument to his mother. Should it be the elaborate one, after all? It would show his love for his mother, and call attention to her memory; for people always linger about the large, striking monuments in a cemetery. Just then a woman jostled against him, and as he turned to look into her face, she fell at his feet. He stooped and lifted her up. She was a very old woman. He saw the locks of silver hair fall down over a face full of deep furrows; care, poverty and hard work were all stamped upon it. Before he had time to think what he should do, a crowd had gathered, an ambulance came rattling up to the sidewalk, and strong arms had lifted the woman in. “For the Charity Hospital,” they said. And before he was aware of the action he had taken, he was following the ambulance.

“What if it had been my mother,” he thought.

On, on he followed, up to the ward, and to the very cot where the poor old woman was placed.

“Do everything for the comfort and restoration of this woman,” he said to the attendants. “I will pay all extra charges.”

The woman opened her eyes as he spoke these words, and looked up into his face with an expression of gratitude and relief which he will carry with him as long as he lives. Then she put her thin, wrinkled hand on his coat-sleeve, and whispered, “God bless you, my son!”

It was pitiful that so many aged persons should have such a hard way at the close of the journey. He was so thankful that his mother had had a beautiful sunset time; so glad he had been able to give her the comforts of his luxurious home. The earlier part of her journey had been rough enough, God knew!

“If only I could have kept mother longer!” he thought that night as he turned his restless head upon his pillow.

"I am in a position now where I could do so much for her!"

And he wondered why she had been taken, and the poor old woman who was lying in the Charity Hospital left. The design for the monument was a question that still troubled him. He was certain that his mother would not like any of the patterns he had seen. His mother was always so sacrificing, getting only necessary things for herself, and giving what he wanted her to put into luxuries and extras to the poor and suffering. What a monument to his mother would the erection of a Home for the Aged be! What a thought! It came to him in the hours when we are told that ministering spirits are about us, and when that Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over us.

The next morning Clarence R. had settled the problem of the monument question. He would have at the head of the grave just a simple white stone, and the real monument should be the institution his good angel had suggested to his thought—a resting place of freedom from the cares and anxieties of life; a place where those who had made a hard journey could sit and watch the red and gold light of the western sky as it gathered, and listen for the messenger to come and say, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Before he went to his office the next morning, he called at the hospital, and found that his new friend of the day before had passed away.

"She never spoke only those words she said to you," the nurse told him.

And this poor old soul who passed out of the world blessing him, was only one of the many thousands who followed, not from the walls of a Charity Hospital, but from the happy comfort-surrounded "Home" Mr. R. erected as his mother's monument.

Selected.

EVERY man's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

A WAY TO SETTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE inclination seems to be rapidly growing among the Saints to go to law with each other. Every little difference instead of being settled according to the plan and spirit of the gospel is made a subject of litigation. Especially is this the case at present with regard to water claims. It has been stated that in one district of our territory more than eighty suits about water have been planted, and most of these cases are between brethren.

This is a sad condition of affairs, the more so because it is seldom that any are benefited to a marked extent by these law suits except the contending lawyers, and these as a class do not merit the blessing pronounced upon peacemakers.

The eminent Dr. Johnson, who hated the legal fraternity, was once led to write an epitaph on a peacemaking lawyer. The doctor was passing a churchyard, and seeing some people weeping over a grave, asked a woman why they wept.

"Oh," said she, "we have lost our precious lawyer, Justice Randall! He kept us from going to law,—the best man who ever lived."

"Well," replied Johnson, "I will write you an epitaph to put on his tomb." It read,—

"God works wonders now and then,—
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man."

If Johnson had lived a century later, and made the acquaintance of Judge Ryland, of Missouri, he might have written a similar epitaph. More than once the judge was heard to say,—

"I would rather give one hundred dollars out of my own pocket to avoid a suit between neighbors than to gain five hundred dollars by prosecuting one."

This pacific lawyer was once asked by a gentleman belonging to an influential family to bring a suit against a brother for slander.

"Go home," said the judge, after listening to the complaint, "and fall on your knees three times a day for a week, and pray God to forgive you for harboring such unkind feelings against a brother. If at the end of

that time you are still determined to bring the suit return to me, and we will consult about it."

"That is strange counsel for a lawyer to give," remarked the man, amazed that a lawyer should decline a suit.

"Yes," was the reply; "but it is the best I can now give you."

Before the week had ended, the man returned and told the judge that he had concluded not to bring the suit.

Those who have any differences should follow the advice of Judge Ryland and notice the effect.

C.

A PROMPTING OF THE SPIRIT.

WHILE living in Great Britain I was sent as a young Elder into the county of Cornwall to preach the gospel and warn the people of the judgments to come. I was visiting the people in the town of Penryn near Falmouth, on the Cornish coast when a Catholic priest annoyed me very much, and one day he followed me asking various questions. I answered as best I could. The people gathered around us to hear what each would have to say. He told the people he would prove from my own mouth I did not believe the Scriptures I held in my hand. I said I certainly did. He replied, "We'll see."

He read the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the twenty-second chapter of St Luke, where it speaks of the Lord's supper. He called the Eucharist, where the Savior said after breaking the bread, "Take, eat, this is my body," also with the cup, "Drink this is my blood shed for you," etc. "Now" he said, "do you believe it is the identical blood and body of our Lord?"

I told him it was an emblem of His death and suffering.

"There," he says, to the people, "I knew he did not believe."

I was chagrined, but as quick as the lightning's flash the Lord came to my aid with

the prompting of the Holy Spirit and I spoke as follows: "Well, sir, a gentleman of your learning and ability certainly should know better. When our Lord said those words to His Apostles, He had not been crucified, His blood had not been shed, consequently it could not be the identical body and blood of our blessed Redeemer. The sacrament was to be taken, that His disciples might always remember the great atonement made for them, and for the whole world."

The gentleman then replied: "Mr. Phillips, I never saw it in that light before," and he troubled me no more.

I went on my way rejoicing in the mercy and goodness of God, and the people began to understand who believed the scriptures and who did not.

Thomas Phillips.

THE SECRETS THAT HIDE IN THE HEART.

SURELY 'tis worth more than ducats
That one can go through the mart,
And the crowd never guess, from one's visage,
The secrets that hide in one's heart.
Whether for joy or for sorrow:
Whether of pleasure or pain:
Or whether the smile cloaks a teardrop;
Or the thoughts be of losses or gain.

For one can look out on the follies
Of fashion, and those in its thrall,
And laugh in one's sleeve at the medley,
But keep a straight face over all.
'Tis best not to rail at distortions,
Or waste one's wise logic on fools;
And useless to grow misanthropic,
Or think to guide others by rules.

As long as the earth keeps its orbit
Sweet sunshine will gladden the sight;
So why, like a mole in the darkness,
Should one burrow away from the light?
Prepare to have mixed with your potion
The bitter as well as the sweet;
But "wear not your heart on your sleeve," friend;
Let your face tell no tales on the street.

Anna C. Starbuck.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.

12, VOL. XXIV.

1. INTO how many classes were the people divided from the death of Joseph up to the time of the meeting in which Brigham Young and Sidney Rigdon addressed them? A. They were divided into three classes.

2. How did the first class feel with regard to who should lead them? A. They felt clearly and understandingly that President Brigham Young was the man whose right it was to preside, he being the President of the Twelve Apostles, and that body being, through the death of Joseph and Hyrum, the presiding quorum of the Church.

3. How did the second class feel? A. They were not quite clear as to who would be called to preside; but they felt very certain that Sidney Rigdon was not the man, they did not believe that God would choose a coward and a traitor to lead His people.

4. What was the character of the others? A. They seemed to have no clear views one way or the other, they were undecided in their feelings.

5. From which class did Sidney afterwards draw away a few followers? A. From the third class, who were ready to deny the faith and to forsake the truth, and, of course, were fit subjects for him to deceive.

6. Why was he unable to lead

away the Latter-day Saints? A. Because they are a people of too positive a character, their views upon all subjects which are brought to their attention, and in which they have an interest, are very decided, the most so, probably, of any people on the earth.

7. How did the people, with a few exceptions, feel when returning home from that memorable meeting? A. They were filled with great rejoicing; all uncertainty and anxiety were removed; they had heard the voice of the shepherd, and they knew it.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 12: Emma E. Tolman, Julia A. Tolman, Heber C. Blood, Henry H. Blood, Joseph G. West.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. How did the Saints feel after the meeting we described in our last chapter? 2. Who seemed to be disappointed at the turn affairs had taken? 3. Why were they dissatisfied with the action that had been taken? 4. What has become of men who have attempted to usurp authority over the Church of Christ and His people? 5. How did Rigdon appear outwardly toward the course which had been adopted? 6.

What did he set about to do? 7.
 What was the result of these actions?
 8. How did he exhibit his position finally?

PRIZES.

THE names of those persons who forwarded to us for publication, the three best lists of answers to Questions on Church History published in the first half of this volume will appear in the next number, together with the prizes awarded to them.

We will continue publishing the Questions on Church History, and will give the following rewards to those persons sending us the best and most correct and complete Answers to the Questions published in the last half of this volume, which began with the last number :

First Prize.—One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Second Prize.—A volume of the "Quiver Readings."

Third Prize.—"History of the Waldenses."

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply: "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make prayer without the wish of the heart.

OUR FIERY FURNACES.

THIS sounds very terrible, but if you didn't go near enough to be scorched by the fierce heat, they were quite harmless, and nothing did we youngsters enjoy more, when we lived in South Wales, than a five-mile ride on our ponies over the limestone mountains *after dark* to the "Lime Kilns."

Before we got near them the red glare shooting up into the sky would tell us where they were. Then, keeping to the windward, we would ride up as close as we could, until from the bank above we could look down into their fiery depths, where I almost expected to see those three brave men—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—walking about "unharméd." That beautiful Bible story always came into my mind as I looked into the great, glowing caldron where the rough, dark-looking stones are thrown in.

They come out at the "drawing hole," after they have been thoroughly burnt, a white, hot mass, soon to be cooled by the mountain winds sweeping over it, then carried to the lime sheds, that protect it from the rain, (which would "slack" it) and then the snow-white heaps are put into sacks and carried on the backs of sure-footed ponies across the mountains to the different towns and villages, to make fresh and clean and white the walls and ceilings.

No wonder, when *calch* is so plen-

tiful and cheap, that the Welsh houses and cottages, inside and outside, are always so snowy white; why, the trunks of the apple trees round the cottages and the garden walls, and even the heaps of coal that are stacked up outside the cottages for winter use, are whitewashed!

As a little English boy said one day, "I wonder, mamma, they don't whitewash the children." *B. P.*

PRAYED TO BE "STYLISH."

CHILDREN'S utterances are often strangely and even seriously suggestive. Parents are apt to consider them simply amusing, and quote them as "original" and as signs of smartness, when in fact these quaint words of the little ones, let fall in innocent ignorance, only reflect the unconscious teaching of their elders. A western paper prints the following "bed-time story," which is not by Mrs. Moulton, but we like to believe that at least it made one mother thoughtful:

"Must I go to bed now, mamma?" said little Alice Peel; "it's only eight o'clock, and papa sometimes lets me sit up another half-hour."

"Yes," said her mamma; "it is Saturday night, and I want you to go now. Ring the bell for Kate."

"Well, you'll come up and hear me say my prayers, won't you, when I'm ready for bed?"

"Yes, I'll come," said Mrs. Peel,

"if I get the pocket on my dress, and the bastings all out, for I want to wear it tomorrow."

Then, turning towards a cousin who sat near, she said,—

"Just look, Nannie, isn't it stylish? I don't believe there'll be a prettier dress in our church tomorrow, and won't my hat look lovely with it? Mrs. Nash said it was the most stylish hat she had seen this winter, and she's a pretty good judge, I think."

Kate just then made her appearance, and took Alice up stairs, and Mrs. Peel kept busily at work on her dress, so busily, that when Alice called, "Mamma, I'm ready now," her mother said,—

"Uncle Charlie, won't you go up and tell Alice a little story, and hear her prayers? I think she would rather have you than me any time."

As Uncle Charlie was very fond of his little niece, he dropped his paper quickly and skipped up the stairs, telling Alice she had better say her prayers first, then cuddle into bed and he would tell her a fairy story. She knelt down, and saying, "You know I say my prayers all alone now," began:

"O Lord, I thank Thee for all the good things I have had today. Forgive my sins, make me a good girl, help me to be kind and pleasant to everybody, and keep us safe tonight. Bless papa and mamma, and little Arthur, and Uncle Charlie, and Cousin Nannie, and take us all to heaven. Give us lots of nice things, and, O

Lord, *do* make us all very stylish. Amen."

You will doubtless smile at this prayer, but it is literally true.

A HOME REFORMER.

A PARENT who himself has lost self-respect is often pained to see a child lose confidence in religion or virtue, and this feeling is sometimes so strong as to become a motive for self-restraint. When this feeling exists in the heart of the parent, the child may often become the means of the parent's reformation.

A boy in Cambridge, Massachusetts, named Elmer, had a very intemperate father.

The parent was an iron-moulder by trade, and in prosperous times he could earn the most liberal wages.

In consequence of his intemperate habits he lost his situation, his home became unwelcome to him, and he sought only for pleasure in the cup.

On one occasion, when he had absented himself several days from home, his wife, a tender, susceptible woman, was nearly broken-hearted at his conduct, and the son shared her distress.

Returning from school on the fourth day of his father's absence, the boy said to his mother,—

"I can't sleep at night, I can't sing, I can't study in school, my head aches, my lips are parched, praying God to send home father sober."

The mother strove to comfort the

boy, but her own religious faith was wavering, for during the eleven years of her married life her unceasing prayer had been that her husband might become a temperate man.

After four day's wandering from one saloon to another, the man returned in a maudlin condition. The boy, instead of shunning his drunken father, clasped his arms round his neck and wept tears of joy to see him alive.

After this exhibition of filial feeling he said, "Father, I almost feel that I can never pray to God again in faith, for He let you come home drunk."

The words struck the father to the heart, and he replied,

"Elmer, don't lose your faith in God, and your father will never get drunk again."

Since that hour, over twenty months ago, the father has been a temperate man. *Iveagh.*

HATS OFF.—Off with your hat, my boy, when you enter the house. Gentlemen *never* keep their hats on in the presence of ladies; and if you always take yours off when mamma and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself, or be mortified, when a guest or stranger happens to be in the parlor. Habit is stronger than anything else; and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions is to get into the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put on at a moment's warning.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

How to have Health.

N GERMANY, Prussia, and even London, on comparing the average duration of life of the Christian and the Jew, a few years ago, it was found that, while the average of the Christian was twenty-six years, that of the Jew was thirty-seven; and in Prussia, from 1822 to 1860, the Christian population showed one death in every thirty-four, whilst the Jewish gave one only in every forty. Their unusual freedom from particular kinds of disease—says the government report—amounts nearly to immunity from certain prevalent maladies, such as those of the scrofulous and tuberculous type. The significance of this may be seen in the alarming fact that these two affections are answerable for *one-fifth of the total mortality*. The secret of their immunity from epidemics and disease is simple, when we bear in mind the strictness of their observance of dietetic and hygienic law. The wisdom of the legislative prohibition of Moses is nowhere seen to such advantage as in his prohibition of blood as food; and whilst this point, sustained by the discovery of modern science is strictly observed by the Jews, it is, on the other hand, totally ignored by the Christian, and for this the reckless violater of hygienic law and his offspring, into the third and fourth generation, have to suffer. An inspector of the Metropolitan meat market stated on oath, that eighty per cent. of the meat sent to London had tubercular disease, and a writer of the *Times* is said to have calculated in reference to this statement, 'that at least 375,000 of the inhabitants of London annually run the risk of being tainted with consumption, and of

transmitting it to their unborn children.' And yet now and again, in the face of such a state of things, an enlightened English jury will find that such an one died from the visitation of God. The Jews are a temperate race, whilst we are content to eat meat and even blood in enormous quantities, although all meat that is improperly prepared is positively dangerous to health and unfit for human food."

We clip the foregoing from a London paper, and do so in order to bring forcibly to the minds of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR the importance of living properly.

The statement concerning the health of the Jews is no doubt a correct one. While they have fallen into many errors and observe many foolish traditions they have been particular, as a general thing, in regard to their diet. They are especially careful as to the healthfulness of the animals which they kill and eat. There can be no doubt that this is attended with the results which are here stated. No doubt they escape many diseases through the care which they exercise in their diet. One death in every thirty-four for the Christian, and one death in every forty for the Jew! This is a great difference, and when we remember that this is the statement of the Christians themselves we may safely conclude that there is at least this difference, and perhaps more difference in favor of the Jew.

It is a well-known fact that during the middle ages the Jews, because of their freedom from disease, were suspected and accused of being the cause of plagues and pestilences. The ignorant people of those days, full of suspicion and hating the Jews, jumped at the conclusion, when they saw how healthy they were, when the Christians were dying around them, that they by their incantations, or by witchcraft or some other power, were the authors of the plague from which they, the Christians, suffered; and the poor Jews suffered in body and in property because of this suspicion.

A great lesson is conveyed to us as Latter-day Saints in these facts. If we will observe the laws of God which He has given to us we shall be a healthy people. The Word of Wisdom is but a short revelation, but it contains truths of immense value to us. The mode of life which we should follow is there plainly described. The Lord says the "flesh also of beasts, and of the fowls of the air I the Lord have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or of famine." If this counsel were observed by our people they would become very healthy, especially if they obeyed the other counsel that is given concerning hot drinks, liquors, wines and tobacco. The result would be, as the Lord says, that they would "receive health in their naval, and marrow in their bones;" and "the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

The Lord designed to make His people, when He led them out of Egypt and gave them commandments through Moses, a strong, vigorous and healthy people, and it is to the glory of the Lord that the Jews today, notwithstanding their many transgressions, are a healthier race than the Gentiles. He has the same design in relation to us, for He says in giving us the Word of Wisdom that it is "to show forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days." And He further says that He warns and forewarns us against the evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, by giving unto us this Word of Wisdom by revelation.

The object, therefore, is plain. He desires His Saints to be a healthy people. He wants them to live on the earth unto the full measure of their days.

We hope all our JUVENILE readers will remember these words of our Lord, and be careful about their diet, and the beverages which they drink, and secure to themselves the promises which have been made.

WE SHALL be pleased to receive at the earliest convenient moment the orders of the Superintendents for such "Sunday School Lesson Leaflets" as they may need. The brethren will recollect the price of the series, containing a lesson for each Sunday to the close of the present year, is 5 cents. Payment should always accompany your order, as the Union is issuing them at the bare cost of printing and actual expenses, without financial profit to the Union, or any compensation to the committee who prepared the Leaflets.

MY VISIT TO EASTERN LANDS.

ONE of the most interesting sights on the streets of Constantinople, and one that will probably serve well to show the character of the city, is the rag-pickers and the dogs. Both are numerous. They may be treated together in our sketch from the fact that they wage a continual warfare with each other; but out of respect for the majority, we will deal with the canines first.

They are not dogs, strictly speaking, but jackals, or what zoologists term *Canis aureus*. Our domestic dog and the wolf are of the same family, and they all readily mix in breeding, although each class has distinct peculiarities. The jackal is about the same size as the coyote of western America, with a peculiar golden yellow color, whence its name. The jackal has mixed largely with the common dog in this city, but still the identity of the former is well preserved, and in many cases the breed is pure.

But oh! what a lot of them there are here. They everywhere swarm the streets of this large city, with its area of some eighteen miles in circumference, and are quite harmless, although in a perfectly wild state. They don't like Franks, however, or men who wear hats, that is in some quarters, and, as stated, they mortally hate the rag and bone-gatherer, and many times become quite vicious when he intrudes on their domain to gather what

they claim as their property. I guess they would not object to his taking the rags, but the bones and all refuse from the kitchen they seem to think exclusively their own, and

the streets into sections, or governments, where a number of them live in perfect harmony with the "boss," a very strong one, as ruler. They respect their leader most canine-



RAG-PICKER AND JACKALS.

they defend this with great zeal, from not alone the rag-picker, but also from their own strange brethren. And in this lies a most peculiar trait of their character. They divide

like, crouching with fear when he approaches. The lines dividing the sections are as invisible yet important as the lines that divide the governments of man, and each party of jackals

zealously watches that there may be no encroachments beyond a certain point, previously won by battle.

In the street where we reside are two dog governments, although its whole length does not much exceed a hundred yards. The dividing line is near our door. Often the whole force from both governments—some six or eight on a side—meet in battle array at the frontier and have an awful quarrel. They worry us much with their noise, and sometimes interest us with their battles. A little growl between two enemies will often suffice to bring both tribes to the front. Should one unfortunately become separated or strayed from his section, as occasionally happens through a fight, he is sure to be driven from government to government until worried to death.

Jackals are the scavengers of Constantinople, and they fulfill their office well, even to the eating of their dead comrades, a sight quite common. The canine nuisance is tolerated, nay, protected by the fanatical Mohammedans.

We may now take a view of the rag-pickers and the poor of the city in general.

I will tell you how you may know a rag-picker. Besides his big basket, the like of which is also carried by many vendors and *Hamalls*, he uses a stick surmounted by a small iron, the whole resembling a pick. This is used to gather the refuse from the gutters, and is important as a means of defense against the jackals. Males of all ages, from six to sixty, work at this dirty profession, and many are quite fine looking men. I doubt not that the majority would prefer most any other work to that of fighting with the dogs for a living, but under the unstable government of the Turks, enterprises which would afford them employment are frightened away. The *London Times*, in summing up the exports of the various countries of Europe for the year 1888, ludicrously mentioned rags and bones as the chief exports of Turkey. Quite a traffic is carried on with England in this line. The bones are used in chemical works and for

enriching the soil; the rags are made into paper, and may some day find their way to this city again in a useful form. And this is proud Constantinople, once the leading city of the world and then larger than any other four of her sister cities of western Europe.

A bad government is always a breeder of poverty; and by reversing the rule we may say that poverty is a sign of bad government. The people of the Orient are as much more afflicted with poverty than those of western Europe, as the people of those countries are poorer than the Americans; and government will hold true in the same ratio.

It is a sad state we find here in this respect; and such a lot of beggars as are here to be seen will not well be comprehended by the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR*. Beggars of all shapes, ages and colors swarm the streets. I have seen quite often a man whose legs have been amputated close to his body, walking with his arms, the trunk of his body dangling like a stuffed sack, as he oddly moves along like some strange midget. Another sickening sight is a young man whose eyes, nose and mouth have been eaten away by a foul disease, so that nothing but a shapeless hole remains where the mouth formerly was, exposing his large, ugly front teeth. He tries to sing for alms, but the voice is inarticulate, so it sounds like some large humble bee. Then there are halt and blind by the hundreds who must live as mendicants, the country affording no poor-houses as is the case in other civilized countries.

Many, strange to say, choose this profession, and to such it is esteemed a blessing to have a deformity themselves or a child deformed. Many a strong, healthy parent thus uses his poor child for gain in begging on the streets. When begging is the chosen profession, they become quite artful in working on one's sympathy. A certain woman, whom I have closely watched, is young and healthy, and uses babies to beg with. I have passed her quarter daily and find that she seldom has the same child more than one or two days, when she secures a new baby, evidently hir-

ing them from poor parents who will gladly do most anything for a little money. Such a beggar I call a "cheat," but it all works in a country where begging is tolerated and the people are destitute. *James Clove.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



HE patience of the Latter-day Saints is frequently put to the test. It is a gift which is very necessary for Saints to possess, for without it they could not endure. In the early days of the Church those who did not have faith, endurance and long-suffering became discouraged and fell by the wayside. The trials and afflictions of various kinds which the Church then had to bear tested this virtue and gift to its full extent.

It required the gifts of patience and hope when mobs were wreaking their vengeance, and burning houses and destroying property and driving the Latter-day Saints from their homes. The Lord bestowed these gifts upon His faithful people, and, though plunged in the midst of affliction, they looked forward with joyful anticipation to the day when they should be delivered from their sorrows, and should be crowned with victory after overcoming the world, the flesh and the devil.

There are various ways in which patience may be tried. At the present time many of our people stand in need of this gift because water is so scarce for irrigating purposes. Probably never before since we came to these mountains has there been such a general dearth of water as there is this season. The cry comes from various parts of the Territory that crops are perishing for the want of water. Contentions concerning water claims and the rights of different individuals to water are becoming very common, and in some countries and among some people, if they had such difficulties there would doubtless be bloodshed. Fortunately for us the Lord has given unto us His Spirit, and those who cherish it are not disposed to quarrel and fight with their brethren over water.

The leading brethren have felt very strongly upon this subject, for they have seen a disposition manifested in some quarters to encourage strife and litigation over water claims. The adversary would be pleased to have the Latter-day Saints go to law with each other, and contend before the courts over their water claims. If this spirit were to prevail our wards and settlements would be split into factions, and we should have the seeds of division and strife and hatred sown all through our mountain valleys. Such a condition of affairs would be exceedingly deplorable.

Every man of influence in the community should do all in his power to keep down the spirit of litigation. There is no necessity to go to law to adjust or settle differences of this character. The simplest and best way, where disputes arise concerning water, or anything else, is to appoint arbitrators—just men who are familiar with the questions which are in dispute—who can decide according to equity and justice. Our law permits the selection of arbitrators of this character, whose decisions can be made binding upon the parties interested by having them made a matter of record in the District Court.

This manner of settling disputes is far more satisfactory in the end, and far cheaper than to go to law. Our people know far more about water rights and the usages which govern the distribution of water than any jury such as we have had in our courts of late years. In fact, many of the jurors who are now selected to try cases know but little or nothing about these water questions, whereas, citizens can be selected as arbitrators who have been in the country from its first settlement, and who are thoroughly familiar with every detail connected with the distribution of water.

At one time there was great danger of litigation between Utah and Salt Lake Counties. In fact, steps had been taken to commence suits, and much embittered feeling had been aroused. Reflecting men saw where this would lead to, and that this was not the pro-

per method of reaching a just decision upon the questions in dispute. Both parties litigant were appealed to, and they were shown how much better it would be to have these questions submitted to arbitrators. Happily for the peace and good feeling with the parties concerned, they themselves perceived the advantages which would result from such a method of settlement. Arbitrators were chosen who were acceptable to both parties. All the evidence on both sides was carefully considered, and a decision was reached which proved to be generally acceptable.

There were several advantages gained by taking this course; not the least of which were, that expense was saved and good feeling was restored.

Latter-day Saints cannot be justified in quarreling with their brethren, and they are especially commanded not to go to law with each other. To do so is to violate the plain principles of the gospel. It is better for us to suffer wrong than to do wrong, and where this spirit prevails there will not be any serious difficulty, for if disputes should arise they can be easily settled in the spirit of love and brotherly kindness.

It is the spirit of the evil one which prompts men to indulge in strife and contention, and the fruits of that spirit are unhappiness and hatred and malice, and everything that is evil. The present season is one that is trying the patience of nearly every man who cultivates the soil. Water is scarce—so scarce in some localities that crops are felt to be in great danger, and are likely to utterly fail. Patience and forbearance are necessary under such circumstances to prevent men from contending for their rights, or what they suppose are their rights. It will not help matters to indulge in bad feeling, and quarreling will not increase the water one drop. The better course for the Saints to pursue, instead of indulging in a bad spirit over the scarcity of water, is to get together and unite in prayer. By exercising faith, added to their works, the Lord will bless them and control the elements and everything which is for their good. He who

caused the barrel of meal and cruse of oil of the widow of Zarephath not to fail when she did as His prophet requested her, is still able to increase the fruits of the ground in answer to the prayers of the Saints.

The Editor.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 316.)

IT WAS not so easy a task to catch Freler, the real criminal; but he had been tracked, and the officers never lost his trail. Before morning of the next day, he was also in custody. The pursuit had been so secretly and skillfully conducted, that the rascal was taken completely off his guard; and nearly all the rest of Miss Morey's missing money, with a diamond pin, torn from the shirt-front of Mr. Adams was found in his possession.

Poor George was at first entirely unmanned by his terrible misfortune. He thought of his little sister. The papers would tell the whole story, and she must know. But he would beg the privilege of sending her a letter. The jailer gave him pen, ink and paper, and he wrote:

"MY DEAR ALICE,—I know it must make you feel dreadfully to hear that I am in jail. But try to be brave. Try for my sake. I am not to blame,—you know I am not. How happy I was when that man hired me and offered me such fine pay! I thought I should earn a great deal of money, and it would help us along so nicely. Oh, why did I not refuse to go with him when he would not tell me his business? He was a thief, and I have been put in jail because I was with him. How can I prove my innocence? Our dear mother said that God would be our Helper. Pray to Him to help me, Alice. I have no one to love or care for me but you. But I know that you will believe me innocent of any crime, though all the world should be against me.

"Your loving brother,

GEORGE."

The trial of Freler and "his accomplice" came on soon after. The proofs against the former were so clear, and his bad character so well known, that the law made short work with him; but in George's behalf there was much to be said. Still, even in his case, a verdict was very soon reached,—too soon and

hastily for strict justice. Such fearful damage does evil association bring even to the innocent. It is so hard for one found in bad company to prove himself entirely clear of blame.

George's main defence, of course, was that he was hired under false representations, when he was in distress for want of work, and that he knew nothing of the criminal character of the employment he engaged in. His story was simple and straightforward. It seemed hard that this, with testimony from his native town to his excellent character, and the proof of the exceedingly short time he had been in Freler's service, should not have moved the jury to acquit him.

But the prosecution urged that so far from false representations, according to the boy's own story, no representations had been made to him at all. If he chose to engage in a business, knowing nothing of its character, he took his own risk. He had actively aided a pickpocket. He had shared the spoils after the crime was committed. How were the jury to decide that he had done it ignorantly and innocently.

The jury themselves, being shut up to the law and the evidence, acted upon this view, and brought in both the prisoners guilty, only attaching to their verdict in George's case "a recommendation to mercy on account of his youth."

The judge was a stern man. Robbery and pocket-picking had of late grown alarmingly common; and the fresh grievance of the plaintiffs in this suit had made them no more relentless to prosecute than public indignation demanded. Two offenders had been found together, and proved by sworn testimony to have been engaged in the same act. The judge determined to make an example of both.

He sentenced Freler to ten years' hard labor in the State Prison, and George Raymor to two years' confinement in the House of Correction.

I will not attempt to paint the feelings of the poor boy when he saw his last hope vanish,

and was borne away to his gloomy abode. Still less could I describe the agony of his lonely little sister. The world was indeed a dark place to the two orphans now.

Little Alice, through all the terror and distress that her brother's arrest had caused her, had tried to be brave, for she had no doubt that he would be acquitted on his trial. She had attended the court, and had been allowed to give her artless testimony, repeating her conversation with George after his engagement to Freler, and presenting the letter he had sent her from the jail. Her surprise and horror at her brother's conviction and sentence almost broke her young heart.

At first she refused to be comforted. But after days of weeping, she recovered herself, for she was really a brave, strong-hearted, hopeful child. Her brother was innocent,—she knew it,—and, young and alone as she was, she dared to think that she could make the world know and acknowledge it too. She would show them that he had been unjustly condemned. She would prove his innocence and effect his release.

It was a wild thought; but love does wild and wonderful things; and from that hour, she prayed God to direct and help her. One day, she chanced to learn that the power of pardoning criminals belonged to the governor of the State, and she went at once to a gentleman to inquire how she could reach the governor and get a hearing.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Harrow, pityingly. "I fear the little you could say would avail nothing."

"I must try," said Alice, resolutely, "and I am sure God will help me. Mother said He would be our Father and Helper, and we should trust Him."

The appeal was too earnest and touching to be lightly dismissed. After a little reflection, Mr. Harrow consulted several of his acquaintances, and a petition was drawn up praying for the release of George Raymor, and stating full belief in his innocence of any intention of wrong-doing.

Alice carried the petition from house to house, and readily obtained four hundred names. None who were acquainted with George had ever believed him really guilty. The little girl did more. She went to Pipersville, and actually obtained the names of Mr. Adams and Miss Morey. Time had softened their feelings since the trial, and as they thought more calmly of the case they had come to entertain doubts of George's blame. The tearful pleadings of his child-sister deepened their misgivings. They were sorry they had pressed the prosecution.

It was arranged that Alice should visit the family of a relative of Mr. Harrow at the capital of the state, and while there improve her first opportunity to see the governor.

She started on her mission full of courage and hope. She had many friends now who were interested in her work of love and bade her God speed,—friends who, if they had exerted their influence in season, might have saved poor George from the ignominy of a criminal's sentence. But, though more than one would have volunteered to advocate her cause with the governor, it seemed best that she should make her application alone. Presented by an artless and trusting child, the petition would be most certain of kind reception and notice.

In the official room in the State House (the day after Alice's arrival in the city), the chief magistrate was sitting with several senators and two or three gentlemen of his council, when he heard the pleading, sweet voice of a young girl at the door. An attendant in the corridor had told her that she could not be admitted, for His Excellency was busy, and she was begging him to intercede for her.

"Let her come in," said the governor, upon learning who wished to see him.

Alice entered and timidly approached him. The presence of so much dignity and authority nearly overcame her; but the one purpose that had ruled her heart so long made her firm. "I am come to ask you to please pardon my brother," she said gently, and, handing the petition to the governor, she sank into

a chair that one of the gentlemen placed for her.

The governor ran his eyes over the paper. He stopped, and turning to one of the council, said, "The boy, George Raymor, sentenced last fall as an accomplice of Freler's, had a fair trial, did he not? I know no reason why executive clemency should be extended to him."

Alice burst into tears. The strain of her long anxiety had been too great, and now her feelings could not be controlled.

"Oh, sir,—I've come a hundred miles to ask you,—I beg you will read it, Mr. Governor. There's Mr. Adams' and Miss Morey's names there,—the very ones that complained of him,—*they* ask you to pardon him, too; and nobody believes George was guilty, now; he—he didn't know he was helping a pick-pocket—he didn't know Mr. Freler was a wicked man!"

The eyes of more than one of the grave men in the room moistened at this outburst of the poor little girl's sorrow and despair. Mr. Hattfield, one of the senators, was the first to speak. "I happened to be one of the jury in this case," he said, "and, though the evidence seemed damaging against the boy, I very reluctantly gave my consent to the verdict. The appearance of George Raymor was certainly not that of a criminal. Since the trial, reflection upon the case has increased my doubts of his guilt."

Alice took heart at these friendly words, and became more composed. She repeated, in a sad, earnest tone, the conversation her brother held with her just after Mr. Freler had engaged him, and then produced George's letter, written to her after his arrest.

The governor listened kindly. He read the orphan boy's short and simple letter,—and then read it again. His heart was touched. "My child," he said, "this matter shall receive my immediate attention. Call again tomorrow."

He then requested Mr. Hattfield and Mr. Holbrook to ride out to the House of Correc-

tion and get George's story in detail from his own lips, and report to him.

The desired visit was made in the afternoon of that very day. George gave the gentlemen such a clear and candid account of his unfortunate connection with Freler as fully convinced them of his innocence.

But Mr. Holbrook was determined to make thorough work. At his suggestion, a hearing was appointed before the governor, and the attendance or depositions of the jury, and the judge himself, were procured and carefully heard. The result was that, very soon after, a paper was placed in Alice's hand, containing her brother's full pardon, signed by the governor, and, by his order, she was permitted to carry it to the prison.

The two orphans never knew a happier moment than that which brought them together at the door of captivity, the one to give and the other to receive the glad tidings of release. No one at the prison wondered when the poor children wept and kissed each other for joy. They had suffered much, but now their darkest and most keenly-felt affliction had come to an end.

It is often out of sorrow and misfortune that the greatest good ultimately comes. It was so with George and Alice Raymor. Their sad experience was the means of creating in the kindly heart of Mr. Hattfield a deep interest in both the lonely children. He found George a situation where he received liberal wages, and, as he had no children of his own, he adopted him as one of his own family.

S. P. B.

EVERY man has two educations—that which is given to him, and the other that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man, he must work out and conquer for himself. It is this that constitutes our real and best nourishment. What we are merely *taught*, seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.

MODERN FLOODS.

THE terrible destruction of life and property in the Conemaugh Valley, Pennsylvania, during the closing days of May and the early days of June surpasses anything of the kind this country has ever experienced. Indeed in the extent of the devastation and the number of victims, it is doubtful if any similar catastrophe will be found in the annals of what we call civilized history. Even at this writing, five weeks after the dreadful occurrence, no one is able to tell how many lives have been lost. Some authorities place the list of dead at ten thousand, others think five or six thousand is a more accurate number. At any rate, the calamity is appalling, and not within this generation will its fearful details be forgotten.

But when we come to speak of great floods, all will agree that the greatest of modern times was that which resulted from the overflow of the great Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, in 1887. This river which has earned the title of "China's Sorrow," has always been the cause of great anxiety to the Chinese government and to the inhabitants of the country through which it flows. It is guarded with the utmost care at great expense, and annually vast sums are spent in repairs of its banks. In October, 1887, a number of serious breaches occurred in the river's banks about 300 miles from the coast. As a result the river deserted its natural bed and spread over a thickly populated plain, forcing for itself finally an entirely new road to the sea. Four or five times in 2,000 years the great river had changed its bed, and each time the change had entailed great loss of life and property.

In 1852 it burst through its banks 250 miles from the sea and cut a new bed through the northern part of Shantung into the Gulf of Pechili. The isolation in which foreigners lived at that time in China prevented their obtaining any information as to the calamitous results of this change, but in 1887 many of the barriers against foreigners had been

removed and a general idea of the character of the inundation was easily obtainable.

For several weeks preceding the actual overflow of its banks, the Hoang-Ho had been swollen from its tributaries. It had been unusually wet and stormy in northwest China, and all the small streams were full and overflowing. The first break occurred in the province of Honan, of which the capital is Kaifeng, and the city next in importance is Ching or Cheng Chou. The latter is forty miles west of Kaifeng, and a short distance above a bend in the Hoang-Ho. At this bend the stream is borne violently against the south shore. For ten days a continuous rain had been soaking the embankments, and a strong wind increased the already great force of the current. Finally a breach was made. At first it extended only for a hundred yards. The guards made frantic efforts to close the gap, and were assisted by the frightened people in the vicinity. But the breach grew rapidly to a width of 1,200 yards, and through this the river rushed with awful force. Leaping over the plain with incredible velocity, the water merged into a small stream called the Lu-chia. Down the valley of the Lu-chia the torrent poured in an easterly direction, overwhelming everything in its path.

Twenty miles from Cheng Chou it encountered Chungmou, a walled city of the third rank. Its thousands of inhabitants were attending to their usual pursuits. There was no telegraph to warn them, and the first intimation of disaster came with the muddy torrent that rolled down upon them. Within a short time only the tops of the high walls marked where a flourishing city had been. Three hundred villages in the district disappeared utterly and in the lands about three hundred other villages were inundated.

The flood turned south from Chungmou still keeping to the course of the Lu-chia, and stretched out in width for thirty miles. This vast body of water was from ten to twenty feet deep. Several miles south of Kaifeng the flood struck a large river which there joins the Lu-chia. The result was that the flood

rose to a still greater height, and pouring into a low-lying and very fertile plain, which was densely populated, submerged upward of 1500 villages.

Not far beyond this locality the flood passed into the province of Anhui, where it spread very widely. The actual loss of life could not be computed accurately, but the lowest intelligent estimate placed it at 1,500,000, and one authority fixed it at 8,000,000. Two million people were rendered destitute by the flood, and the suffering that resulted was frightful. Four months later the inundated provinces were still under the muddy waters. The Government officials who were on guard when the Hoang-Ho broke its banks were condemned to severe punishment, and were placed in the pillory in spite of their pleadings that they had done their best to avert the disaster.

The first flood in Europe of which history gives any authentic account occurred in Lincolnshire, England, A. D. 245, when the sea passed over many thousands of acres. In the year 353 a flood in Cheshire destroyed 3000 human lives and many cattle. Four hundred families were drowned in Glasgow by an overflow of the Clyde in 758. A number of English seaport towns were destroyed by an inundation in 1014. In 1483 a terrible overflow of the Severn, which came at night and lasted for ten days, covered the tops of the mountains. Men, women and children were carried from their beds and drowned. The waters settled on the lands and were called, for one hundred years after, the Great Waters.

The inundation which may be classed as the second greatest in modern history occurred in Holland in 1530. There have been many great floods in Holland, nearly all due to the failure of the dikes which form the only barrier between it and the sea. In 1530 there was a general failure of the dikes, and the sea poured in upon the low lands. The people were as unprepared as were the victims of the Johnstown disaster. Good authorities place the number of human beings that perished in this flood at about 400,000, and

the destruction of property was in proportion.

In April, 1421, the river Meuse broke in the dikes at Dort, or Dordrecht, an ancient town in the peninsula of South Holland, situated on an island. Ten thousand persons perished there and more than 100,000 in the vicinity. In January, 1861, there was a disastrous flood in Holland, the area sweeping over 40,000 acres and leaving 30,000 villagers destitute, and again in 1876 severe losses resulted from the inundations in this country.

A flood in Catalonia, a province in Spain, occurred in 1617, and 50,000 persons lost their lives. One of the most curious inundations in history, and one that was looked upon at the time as a miracle, occurred in Yorkshire, England, in 1686. A large rock was split asunder by some hidden force, and water spouted out, the stream reaching as high as a church steeple. In 1771 another flood, which had disastrous results, and which was known as the Pipeon flood, occurred in the same province.

In September 1787, mountain torrents inundated Navarre, and 2000 persons were drowned. Twice, in 1787 and in 1802, the Irish Laffey overran its banks and caused great damage. A reservoir in Lurca, a city of Spain burst in 1802 in much the same way as did the dam at Johnstown, and as a result 1000 persons perished. Twenty-four villages near Presburg and nearly all their inhabitants were swept away in 1811 by an overflow of the Danube. Two years later large provinces in Austria and Poland were flooded and many lives were lost. In the same year a force of 2000 Turkish soldiers, who were stationed on a small island near Widdin, were surprised by a sudden overflow of the Danube, and all were drowned. There were two more floods in this year, one in Silesia, where 6000 persons perished, and the French army met such losses and privation that its ruin was accelerated; and another in Poland, where 4000 persons were supposed to have been drowned. In 1816 the melting of the snow on the mountains surrounding Strabane, Ireland

caused destructive floods, and the overflow of the Vistula in Germany laid many villages under water. Floods that occasioned great suffering occurred in 1829, when severe rains caused the Spey and Findhorn to rise fifty feet above their ordinary level. The following year the Danube again overflowed its banks and inundated the houses of 50,000 inhabitants of Vienna. The Saone overflowed in 1840 and poured its turbulent waters into the Rhone, causing a flood which covered 60,000 acres. Lyons was flooded. One hundred houses were swept away at Avignon, 218 at La Guillotiere and 300 at Vaise, Marseilles and Nimes. Another great flood, entailing much suffering, occurred in the south of France in 1856.

A flood in Mill River valley in 1874 was caused by the bursting of a badly constructed dam. The waters poured down upon the villages much as at Johnstown, but the people received warning in time, and the torrent was not so swift. Several villages were destroyed and 144 persons drowned. The rising of the Garonne in 1875 caused the death of 1000 persons near Toulouse, and 20,000 persons were made homeless in India by floods in the same year. In 1882 heavy floods destroyed a large amount of property and drowned many persons in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys.

J. C.

PAUL.

THE speech of Stephen, when he stood before the High Priests of his nation, was not in the least degree tinged with a conciliatory spirit, but on the contrary, was characteristic of that bold bearing that has ever followed the believers in Christ when they have been brought face to face with deadly peril consequent upon a religious test; their meekness and humility has then given way to the force of the convictions of their souls, in knowing that truth was on their side and the King of kings was their friend; thus they were endowed with a power to face undis-

mayed every terror, even to the ordeal of death in its most cruel forms.

Stephen under this influence denounced the fathers of his accusers as slayers of the prophets who had foretold of the Messiah, "of whom," said he, "ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

We have often read the story of his martyrdom, how he was taken without the city and put to death, and while the stones were being hurled at his defenceless body, with all the force which bitter hate and cruel, demoniac spite could give to the infuriated rabble that stoned him, a young man stood by in charge of the clothes of the men, his murderers, named Saul, and he consented unto his death.

This is the introduction we have to him who figured with greater prominence than any other man of the early Christian church. While Peter was the head, in whom was the presidency, power and authority of the Priesthood, the eventful and active life of Paul, full of romance and interest, perforce of the great energy of character with which he was endowed, has ever made him the prominent actor of the times immediately succeeding the death of the Savior.

His labors were not confined to preaching the gospel, but he has left behind him letters addressed to the various churches he raised up, that are regarded with the deepest respect and veneration by the Christian world for their deep but plain exposition of the virtues that should be attained by man, and the open expose of the vileness of the human heart when bent on following the animal passions unrestrained.

Fourteen of the books of the New Testament emanated from St. Paul; known and admired by all men are these Pauline epistles. So prominent were his labors, that a series of maps of Palestine for reference pertaining to the study of Bible lands, are not complete unless containing one devoted to showing the travels of Paul, with lines passing from point to point at which he had labored. So great an interest has centered on this man, great in

action but small in stature, for which he was named Paul (the little), that the most prominent man of our faith, its founder, under God, the Prophet Joseph Smith, took so much interest in the study of the subject of this sketch that he gave the following description of Paul's personal appearance:

"About five feet high, very dark hair, dark complexion, dark skin, large Roman nose, sharp face, small, black eyes, piercing as eternity, round shoulders, a whining voice, except when elevated, and then it almost resembled the roaring of a lion. He was a good orator, active and diligent, always employing himself in doing good to his fellow-man."

To this we may add that Paul was born at Tarsus, the principal town of Cilicia, a Roman province in Asia. His parents were Jews, and he inherited from them the rights of Roman citizenship, which served him so well in affording him protection from the indignities of the Jews; was educated at Jerusalem under Gamaliel of the sect of the Pharisees, the tenets of whose faith Paul confessed. He learned the trade of tent-making, according to the wholesome rule observed among the Jews of every male learning a trade.

The depth of thought and understanding of the principles embraced in human duty and moral action, which should be the object of the Christian to attain and live, have no greater reasoner or expounder than Paul. His Epistle to the Corinthians, containing his ideas regarding charity, have a depth that can scarcely be comprehended by the ordinary mind at the first reading: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

We pause to consider and ask ourselves, What, then, is charity? If feeding and clothing the poor is not, what can be? Our minds gradually open to the conception of the meaning of the Apostle as the words of Jesus come into our minds, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, but when thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." And of the latter

proposition, the endurance of death, the Apostle was aware that other motives than that of pure charity prompted men to risk and venture their lives. The Romans at this period, and long prior to it, had been trained in a school which led their minds to be thoroughly and steadfastly fixed with the idea that the loss of their lives in the pursuit of glory gained in the conquest of their enemies was an attainment to be desired above all, not so much the loss of their lives, but its hazard to gain the glory. In this latter comparison or proposition this fine conception of charity by Paul, and the greatness of its virtue and purity can be the easier recognized by the student when he turns reflectively to the scene on Calvary and fancies he hears the cry of the expiring Savior, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The remembrance of the wrongs he did in early life in the persecution of the Saints no doubt had a marked effect upon the life and character of Paul—possibly the tears and anguish of the followers of the humble Nazarene he persecuted in early life were continually before his mind, and may have been the thorn in his flesh to which he alludes. This with his own personal suffering aided in the production and superinduced that keen and deep conscientious discernment which appears so pre-eminently in all his writings, at times appearing to border on austerity and harshness in the code of ethics he marked out for his own and others' following. More particularly is this austerity manifest in his dissertation on marriage and the rule of order he lays down for the observation of the women of the early church; but as pertaining to his ideas regarding marriage, it must be remembered he makes an admission which conveys the idea that his mind was somewhat in doubt as to whether he spoke under the influence of the Holy Spirit upon this subject; and from his remarks he seems to have held to the opinion that marriage would hinder in the performance of ministering in the gospel. Quotations from his writings on this point are used by the Catholics to substantiate their doctrine

of celibacy for the observation of the priests of their profession, and yet Paul plainly held that the bishop should be the husband of one wife.

But from reading Paul closer, it is apparent that the peculiar position of the church in those days must have had its impress upon his mind in his opinion on marriage, for they were under dread of open persecution breaking out upon them at any moment, to the endangering of their lives. Paul himself had once been stoned and left for dead; under all this, and when we consider that even at his early writing that his mind must have been impressed with the prophetic influence that convinced his spirit that the church and the Priesthood would soon disappear and be blotted out by its enemies; his language denotes this, "I suppose, therefore, that this is good for the present distress," and again, "This I say, the time is short, it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none."

While his mind was thus possessed of the short life of the work he was engaged in, he could not see any great enjoyment to be realized in the extension of relationships and ties which necessarily would entail greater suffering in the wreck of the church that he foresaw; with this idea we may soften his seeming indifference to encourage marriage among the saints of his day. But there is no doubting the climax of his utterances on the correct relationship of the sexes, when he says, "Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord."

Albert Jones.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE education has been entirely neglected, or improperly managed, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway. Good sense degenerates into craft, and anger rankles into malignity. Restraint, which is thought most salutary, comes too late, and the most judicious admonitions are urged in vain.

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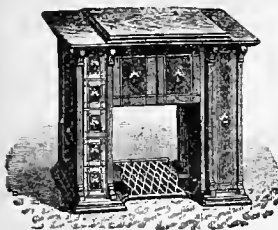
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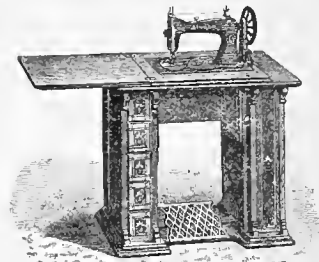
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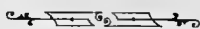
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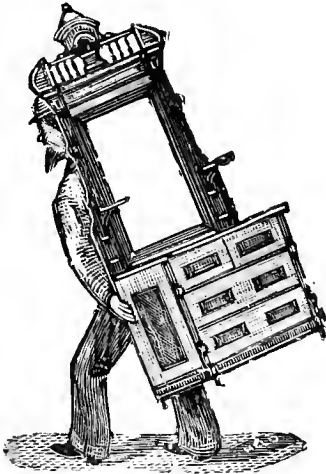
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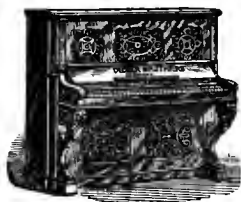
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